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Walking Through Snowfall

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Meghan Largent is a junior English major at Cedarville University with a minor in Creative Writing. Her goal in life is to use her art to portray ordinary events and struggles in a real and truthful way that others can empathize with and relate to. Much of her inspiration is drawn from writers like Anya Silver, e.e. cummings, Emily Dickinson, and Shakespeare. Words have always fascinated her more than anything else, but she also loves coffee, succulents, sunshine, and music.

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WALKING THROUGH SNOWFALL

MEGHAN LARGENT

There's power in silence
in snow blanketing old sins
like cotton tears
that cover both fresh
and old graves
future sins and past mistakes
lost souls and those
who finally
have been found.

Do souls bear silence?
Or are they innately pure
transcending even gravity
to freeze the body into
strict solitude
unrelenting peace?
Silence is forgiveness
rebirth
(isolation from a world so
densely meaningful
that it cannot contain me
cannot feel my sorrow
or even my roaring
emptiness –
cannot be)
captured within this
bright
empty canvas.

I think the snow knows
the material of my soul –
because when I
fall
it falls too
constant and steady
breathing with the world
in a quiet roar
yet approaching so pure
and newborn
that I can't help but
envy its innocence
its eternal
silence.
So I stand
still
and watch
its airy gestures
and frozen smiles
as it wraps the earth in
its cold embrace –
and just for
one moment
I float
down
redeemed.